The
COMMONWEAL

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The Men Who Won *the British Election*

IT WAS with considerable pleasure that we discovered just how wrong George Catlin was in his forecast article which we published in THE COMMONWEAL a few days before the results of the British election were announced. Mr. Catlin's article, of course, represented a bitter polemic against Harold Laski, who incarnates that part of the Labor Party for which Mr. Catlin, himself a laborite, has little use. With his dislike of Mr. Laski many people are in hearty agreement; we ourselves hold no brief for this bumptious but brilliant admirer of the Soviet Union. Yet the fact is that Mr. Carlin guessed wrong.

A number of editorial comments in this country have referred to Labor's victory as a "repudiation" of Mr. Churchill, as ingratitude toward a great leader. This seems to us arrant nonsense. Certainly no Englishman would even think of repudiating Mr. Churchill, would think of being thankless to him for all that he did to keep his country going in an hour of terrible crisis. For his magnificent leadership Mr. Churchill will always remain a vastly popular figure. But for the things he did not do, as well as for certain things he did do, Mr. Churchill clearly had lost public confidence as a leader in times of peace, when the specific emergency of 1940 is well over and the much more humdrum necessities of daily peacetime life are what matter. The Churchill Government had largely failed to implement the findings of the Beveridge Report. That is a blunt fact of which everyone in England is very much aware. The record of Mr. Churchill's Government in India has likewise been a source of profound dissatisfaction for many English people. Goings-on in Italy and in Greece did not help.

All of this is fairly obvious; what is not at all clear is what will come out of the change. Historically, British Labor has always been susceptible to the siren voices of imperialism, since the British workingman's livelihood is obviously and directly dependent upon the export trade and upon the existence of markets for that trade. Non-imperial markets, even in the Dominions, are much more difficult to win and hold than are imperial markets. Hence it would be a mistake to assume that the policy of the new British Government in its foreign relations will differ markedly from the policy of the past. Everyone seems agreed that the Atlee team is committed to a solution of the Indian problem, but it is clearly not committed to anything more. Of course it will not have the same regard for monarchical institutions outside of England as has so often been displayed by Mr. Churchill. British Labor does not regard the Monarchy—any more than it regards Socialism or Democracy—as an article for export. Hence it is no foregone conclusion that the foreign policy of the new Government will be fundamentally different, in the long run, from the foreign policy of the old. It will be a shade more liberal. It will be perhaps a trifle less skilful. But to hope for anything different is unwarranted.

The happiest prospect for the Atlee Government is what it can and probably will do at home. Here we may hope for some really interesting developments and a strong possibility that the reconstruction of England will be carried out genuinely in the interest of all the people of England and not merely in the interest of a small propertied class. Here America can play an important part. And the essence of that rôle is to keep hands off. If we let the new Government solve its internal problems strictly in accordance with its own ideas and principles, the result may be good. But if we interfere, particularly if we make use of our overwhelming financial and economic power to put a check-rein on the English Government's internal reforms, we will have a grave responsibility to answer for.

UNRRA

IT becomes of course intolerable in the long run to hear anything more said about feeding Europe or to read anything more about Europe's distress and the need to alleviate it. One after another, responsible men come back from Europe and they say that the winter is going to be a fearful winter and all of them say that if the people of Europe do not get coal, food, trucks to

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carry the coal and the food, their suffering will be unbearable. That is what they are saying, but the voices we listen to are those that say that the war in Europe is over and then they go into the song about lend-lease and the sucker, and the verse about the French children in fur coats and the chorus about everyone asks America for everything and it is time that America thought about our own miseries because there aren't any steaks, and on meatless days there is nothing but liver and onions, bratwurst and cabbage, or else you have to eat clams, or lobster, or shirred eggs, or Spanish omelet, or a dozen ears of corn, with pie and coffee. And, writing here in New York, we are particularly upset because a lot of the very best restaurants are closed for the summer vacation so that there are only about twenty thousand of them left and sometimes we have to eat where there is not even a wine waiter and where the head waiter does not know us well enough to keep the corner table.

So that you cannot get us excited about the Europeans.

Still, among other international engagements we have signed (of course only the US Government signed them) there is this thing called UNRRA. It is a plan to give coal and food to Europeans, and milk to European children. It is a plan that is not working well. It is not functioning. Everyone who knows anything about it says that it is not doing what it promised to do. There are innumerable reasons why it is not bringing relief where relief was promised. But without any emotion at all we think that these reasons must be done away with because starvation is starvation, and a promise is a promise.

No Opposition to the Charter

NOT SO many weeks ago agitation was considerable over the antiquated requirement of a two-thirds majority in the Senate for treaty ratification; fear was widespread that it would prevent our nation from ratifying the peace treaties and assuming her due international rôle. Yet when the showdown on the United Nations Security Charter came, the Senate vote in favor was all but unanimous. How explain it? Where was the sort of opposition that was so effective before in barring United States adherence to the League of Nations? What were the differences this time?

After the last war societies and popular sentiment in favor of the League were much in evidence. There is little tangible indication that the various peace and world-government organizations learned much in the interval about dramatizing their message to the point that it reached the great bulk of the citizens. Their "literature," of course, was somewhat better. And they were encouraged by public opinion polls from time to time. On the whole the Administration in power was more intelligent about it—the inclusion of Republicans and Senators as American delegates in the preliminaries, for example. The State Department did a particularly able job with its special nationwide broadcasts, speeches by Assistant Secretaries at major gatherings and general informativeness toward the press. It all helped.

And this time there was no Cabot Lodge to head the opposition. The most violent isolationists in Congress had lost face through the very progress of events. The most adamant, Senator Hiram Johnson, was in the hospital when the final vote was taken; only Langer of North Dakota and Shipstead of Minnesota cast votes in opposition. Presumably, popular pressure was so strong that such figures as Senators Taft and Wheeler could do little more than maneuver on certain details, the most important of which was the provision for sending out American troops to enforce United Nations decisions. Real opposition to the Charter simply wasn't there.

Perhaps that was because the American people, having realized that attempted isolation had failed to keep them out of war, now vaguely turned to international cooperation. No doubt the basic reason is that we know at last that we can no longer keep on making money by ourselves, regardless, in a world of superforts and buzz bombs. We have been forced to see that henceforth the tenor of our lives is strictly dependent upon what takes place in other lands. The big danger is that we shall be satisfied with merely having joined the club. Placing our hopes in treaties—and in armaments—we may fail to take the further steps which have to do with war's basic causes. Preëminent among these is the economic situation and prospect of continuing poverty in so many lands.

"Dear Dago"

IN THE midst of the Senate debate on the Charter, Senator Bilbo arose (*Congressional Record,* July 24, 1945) seeking permission to "inject a few documents into the body of the *Record* at this point, which will break the monotony of the discussion . . ." "There being no objection," twelve columns of very fine print were "injected." Senator Bilbo is very anxious that the American people should know something about the letters he has received and written as a result of his action against the FEPC. As far as we can, we shall help.

For instance, a lady called Josephine Piccolo wrote from Brooklyn protesting vehemently: "I find it very hard to believe that you are an American citizen and much, much harder to believe that you are allowed to enter the doors of the United States Senate." And so on and so

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forth. Angry, not very original. Probably every Senator has received many such letters; certainly Mr. Roosevelt received many such letters; even people who write in magazines receive letters just like that. There are ways of answering them. This is Senator Bilbo's way:

> My Dear "Dago": (If I am mistaken in this please correct me.) Your letter of June 28 has been received and I have read it with interest and surprise. What in the h—— are you griping about? You live in New York and today the most vicious FEPC bill ever passed by a law-making body goes into effect, so you have the FEPC for the State of New York.
>
> If you like it and want it you have my permission to keep it, but the question of passing a Federal law and imposing this damnable, un-American, un-constitutional communistic legislative monstrosity upon the other 47 states by an act of Congress is an entirely different proposition.
>
> So will you please keep your dirty proboscis out of the other 47 States, especially the dear old State of Mississippi? It is to this State that I am directing my efforts and I have no one to account to except the people of Mississippi. . . .

We are not the *Congressional Record* and have not got anything like twelve columns for the Bilbo correspondence but here are a few excerpts which we "inject":

> To Congressman Marcantonio: I was completely astounded yesterday when I received and read your audacious, arrogant, and presumptuous letter suggesting that if I had any "shred of decency left" I should apologize to one Josephine Piccolo. . . . When and by whom were you appointed as the judge and arbiter to pass upon the contents of any letter than I might write to any person . . . You are a notorious political mongrel and how dare such a creature have the nerve and audacity to pass upon the ethics and judgment of a United States Senator whose every heartbeat synchronizes with the ideals and principles of the founding fathers. . . . I do not believe you really know what the word "Dago" means . . . it is a perfectly good English word . . . it is an old southern custom to use the word in referring to members of the darker-skinned races from southern Europe and it is generally used without any suggestion of contempt. . . . When we call the French . . . "frogs" . . . no insult is meant. . . .

And of course no insult is meant when the Senator, writing to Dr. Gilbert of the First African Baptist Church of Savannah, Ga., remarks:

> I think I am safe in saying that 9 out of 10 of the members of your race that have shown any real progress and abilities are mongrels or half breeds. . . . I prophesy that with the return of these million or more Negro soldiers that have been coddled or misled [all through the delightful fighting, no doubt!] into the belief that as the result of this war they are coming back to America and will be permitted all the social and political rights that are the province of the white man in a white man's country, "hell is going to break loose in Georgia" and from Maine to California, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf.
>
> I have a strong suspicion that when this awful chapter is written you will be able to appreciate my friendship and maybe you will be convinced that a physical separation of the races is the only solution and Africa should be your "home, sweet home."

No insult. Indeed the whole impact of this selected correspondence is not that it insults Josephine Piccolo, or Dr. Gilbert or Marcantonio, who can take care of himself; it is not just a question of the propriety of calling people "kikes" or "mongrels" and it is not a question, or of any interest, whether the Senator's heart-beats "synchronize" or not with the ideals of the founding fathers. It is only a lamentable question of fact: an incurably vulgar personage occupying a position of great authority is dealing publicly with matters of intense national importance. He does not study these problems which are of such deep concern to so many; witless, he listens to the atavistic chatter of prejudice and thinks that he thinks; and then endlessly he dictates, ceaselessly he orates; the Senate listens and does not care.

Liberty and the War

THE American Civil Liberties Union, which has just issued another of its annual reports, has also compiled a most valuable summary which it calls "War-Time Prosecutions for Speech and Publication." The facts therein disclosed constitute an extraordinary record. We have been in the present conflict almost four years—more than twice as long as in World War I. Our effort, also, has been gigantic by comparison. Yet to date there have been only 28 Federal prosecutions for seditious utterances, involving 123 persons, as contrasted to 2,000 Federal prosecutions involving more than 2,500 persons during World War I. This is a record, we believe, of which both the Department of Justice and the American people can be very proud. To round out the picture, it must be said that the Post Office has denied second class privileges to 6 periodicals, restoring them to 2 out of the 6, and that individual issues of 8 publications have been barred. There have likewise been a few State cases under State sedition acts—4 of them involving 5 persons.

Of course this extraordinary record is not entirely an indication of beautiful self-restraint and democracy in practice. Some element of this has been operative: anyone who studies the wartime American press will have to grant that many things have been printed which in any other nation except, possibly, England, would have been viewed as outright sedition. But certainly an equally important factor has been the general lack of opposition to the war which is now coming to an end. Not that very many people wanted it, but that the vast majority of Americans, after Pearl Harbor, saw no alternative. Yet this very unanimity might, with a hot-headed Attorney General, have led to a wave of prosecutions, which would not only have been popular, but for which there was in fact considerable public pressure. Hence on balance the record remains one of which we may legitimately be proud, and for which Mr. Biddle deserves the gratitude of all Americans.

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The World We're Coming to

Its responsibilities and opportunities

Mr. Justice Frank Murphy

TO THE young people of 1945, leaving the halls of learning and seeking places for themselves in the world, that world presents a rather sorry picture. Abroad we have been obliged to make a shambles of other nations and hate is widespread. You see national groups giving fanatical adherence to political systems and ideologies that are wholly at variance with the principles of democracy which we devoutly cherish and only twenty-five years or more ago fought to preserve. You find these new theories clashing for supremacy over large areas of territory and population. You find peace continually threatened by political ambition and appeals to racial vanity. Statesmen and nations find it necessary to compromise with conditions and arrangements that are incompatible with their cherished ideals, and further postpone their hope of international morality and universal brotherhood.

At home too the scene is somewhat depressing. It has been necessary to use all our resources for human destruction.

Unhappily our internal conflicts have been in a measure based on racial or religious differences and accompanied in a few instances by physical violence. Conflicts of this kind should never occur among civilized men and women who profess loyalty to the principles and methods of democracy. But sharp differences do exist among us which are symptomatic of conditions in our economic and social life that are not what they should be; conditions that must be frankly faced, correctly understood, and wisely dealt with if we are again to achieve stability and prosperity, contentment and happiness.

In this situation someone may ask, as they usually do at this season of the year, what the world has to offer to the young man and young woman graduating from college. In the circumstances I have briefly outlined, it is not easy to provide a satisfactory answer to such a question. Perhaps it were better, more practical and to the point, to inquire what the college graduate of today has to offer to his state and his country. For after all, I am not sure society owes him anything, having already provided him with a pretty good time for three or four or five or six years, supplemented with physical training and some rather expensive tutoring in laboratory and classroom all designed to broaden and quicken the capacity to understand life and adjust himself to its manifold and baffling problems.

Whether we like it or not, we live in a changing world. An older generation has an instinctive fear of change. It is cautious. Minds and institutions that have developed and crystallized in comformity with a certain pattern of life do not readily adjust themselves to a new pattern.

Ours is now the spiritual battle, the battle against all the manifestations of the totalitarianism disease we may find among our own people. We must become alert to the symptoms of moral decay; we must recognize as centers of infection those who espouse even any one of these attitudes:

(1) The exaltation of any race, or nationality as superior to all others;
(2) The claim of special monopoly rights or privileges for a favored group on the basis of birth and blood, rather than merit;
(3) The denial of the right of minority groups to compete in any way with the privileged groups;
(4) The disparagement of free speech, press, religion, and assembly;
(5) Contempt for parliamentary institutions;
(6) The eulogy of dictatorship rationalized as the leadership principle;
(7) The depreciation of peace as decadent, and the glorification of war;
(8) The justification of any means, no matter how ruthless, to gain a desired end;
(9) The denial of the dignity of the human being, and the oneness and solidarity of humanity.

It is the essence of this spiritual battle that it cannot be waged negatively. We cannot reject these destructive doctrines of hate except by a living affirmation of the positive values. And we may justly be proud to find those values embedded in our American tradition and institutions. We have not brought them all to complete fruition. We have permitted conditions to arise that sometimes frustrate them. Nevertheless, from her earliest days, America has stood for these affirmative values. First, a passionate love of freedom, an "eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man." Second, a concern for the value and dignity of the common man based upon an intense desire for equality of opportunity. "The mainspring of Ameri-

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can civilization is this dignity of each one in daily existence." Third, kindliness and good-will toward others. One of the deepest sources for this distinctive American trait is the tradition within most families of the privation and sufferings of their forebears before they left the Old World and were safely settled in the New. Fourth, an immense confidence in the creative energies of man. This arises from each American's own experience and the tradition of American practicality, inventiveness, strength, energy and exuberant spirit. Fifth, a keen sense of the interdependence of all Americans, of the necessity for teamwork, of the manifold values of good fellowship.

★

We Americans are proud of being individualistic in the sense of being self-reliant. Yet from earliest pioneer days we have also practiced cooperation. The American wilderness was cleared and settled by men and women from many lands who, though strong in their individual self-reliance, learned how precious is the strength of mutual aid, how much civilization itself, in even its simplest terms, is a sharing and a fellowship. That spirit and practice of cooperation has continued and grown ever since, despite the counter currents of stark rugged individualism and unrestrained competition.

Of course there are many differences among Americans, upon which our enemies, the enemies of democracy, have always played in the hope of creating disunity and conflict. Fears and insecurities and ignorance have made some a prey to these preachments of disunity; they have huddled together within the narrow confines of some creed; they have set themselves apart under some superficial label such as national origin or skin color and have blinded themselves to their fundamental oneness with their fellow-men. But under the attacks of the *Herrenvolk,* the self-styled "master race," we have seen again what has always been true: that differences in race, creed, class, or culture between Americans are less important than the major unities and common elements of heritage, experience and aspiration that make us all Americans.

To many Americans the war has brought a heightened emotional appreciation, if not discovery, of this interdependence of all Americans: Northerners, Southerners, Easterners, Westerners; White Men, Brown Men, Red Men and Yellow Men; Catholics, Protestants, Jews, agnostics and atheists; capitalists, small property owners, white collar workers and manual laborers in factories and farms.

Yet our unity in diversity is far from a new discovery. As far back as 1782, a brilliant French student of American life, J. Hector St. John de Crevecoeur, asked the question, "What, then, is the American, this new man?" and answered: that *he* is an American, who, leaving behind him all ancient preconceptions and manners, "receives new ones from the new mode of life he has embraced, the new government he obeys, and the new rank he holds." And Crevecoeur saw even then as distinctive of American life a submergence of differences in the creation of a new human community.

Youth does not fear change. It welcomes it. It will ask questions and want to know why things must be as they are. It will have the courage and the good sense to discard things that are outworn, institutions that have outlived their day, and will apply its native intelligence and confidence to the use and development of new methods. It will bring to its task a new vision of truth and beauty, new conceptions of order and justice, unclouded and uncorrupted by long familiarity with distortions and unholy compromise.

The fact that such conditions have developed in our society is bluntly impressed on us by the military upheaval through which we are passing. One might cite the highly uneven distribution of the national income in recent years, whereby the income (1929) received in the highest brackets by a small fraction of one percent of the nation's families was about equal to that received by the forty-two percent constituting the lowest brackets. Also in 1929, our most prosperous pre-war year, sixty percent of American families received an income of less than the $2,000 a year which many of us consider necessary to support a proper minimum standard of living at prevailing prices. In the same year, eighty percent of the entire population was represented by only two percent of the total savings while the upper ten percent accounted for eighty-six percent of the total. The tendency toward concentration of business and wealth was further indicated by the fact that in 1932 five percent of the corporations possessed eighty-five percent of the corporate wealth, and one percent received sixty-three percent of the total net manufacturing profits. When the war began, we had eleven million unemployed. We now have an Army and Navy of approximately twelve millions. And now of necessity we have had to adopt a military economy—all the nation's resources are mustered for human destruction.

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Even in a more simple society like that which prevailed in the nineteenth century, democracy imposes a moral responsibility on every citizen. In the complex and populous society of modern times, this responsibility is increased tenfold. It demands from each citizen a spirit of restraint and self-sacrifice, an attitude of give and take; it assumes a sense of individual moral obligation; it requires a larger capacity to discriminate

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between measures that will advance the common good and those which are likely to be harmful, as well as many other high qualities of the mind and heart.

An integral part of this new mode of life, therefore, has been the spirit and practice of co-operation. The passing of the primitive conditions of pioneer life has made us not less, but even more dependent on the contribution of each to the task of creating a life together. In the high value we Americans place on team play, good sportsmanship and fellowship is to be found the key to our democracy. In every instance of genuine fellowship each individual contributes his share of intelligence, ability and will to the common pool. Out of a free and open discussion of the facts and issues involved in any group problem emerges a common decision. With it comes a common mind, will and action, which is the result of a free union of wills, intelligence and consciences. "Such fellowship among men is the soul of democracy."

This fellowship in a common way of life rests on a firm basis of shared values that transcend the differences, that, indeed, provide the favorable setting within which differences may become, not imprisoning barriers between men, but a source of personal and communal strength. Democracy means the broadening out of men's sense of fraternity from the closed circles of family, section, national group, religion or—greatest illusion of all—race to embrace all humanity. Democracy does not demand uniformity; it does not suppress differences; it does demand a prizing of all that links us together; it does require each of us to see how much even of those things by which he measures his differences from others still rests on commonly held traditions and beliefs.

The very liberty which has permitted in our religious life, for example, the flourishing side by side of diverse creeds and sects, of believers and non-believers—that liberty springs from a common cultural heritage. We are primarily indebted to parts of the old world for first embarking in early modern times upon the then daring experiment of religious freedom and tolerance. Their faith was vindicated and transmitted to the New World, where such figures as Roger Williams, Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson kept the flame alive and made it into the key symbol of American democracy. Finally, I have only to mention the Bible, Plato's "Republic," Aristotle's "Ethics," and the Justinian Code to recall to you how much of our civilization is still founded on certain dominant classical and Hebraic principles of morality and justice.

When an anti-Christ like Hitler arises, we are reawakened to our common religious ideals. Not only are Catholic and Protestant joined in a defense of their common Christianity; they are recalled to renew awareness of their incalculable debt to Judaism and the Jews.

The right way will be found, I am sure, if we learn how to compose our differences by the medium of friendly conferences and cooperation between groups, if by the exercise of individual restraint we refrain from intemperate thought and action, if we bring to the solution of our problems open minds, discriminating intelligence, and a passion for justice and order. With each of us meeting his civic obligations in this spirit, we shall make democracy succeed and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity.

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In the field of religion, our Constitution affirms for all sects the equal right to live and flourish in these United States freely and without penalty. This equal opportunity for all religious faiths to present their doctrines to the American people increases the cultural richness of American life and stimulates each church to give its best in service, thought, emotion and deed. Moreover, true religious charity and faith is exemplified by acting on the belief so nobly voiced by Justice Holmes "that the ultimate good desired is better reached by free trade in ideas—that the best test of truth is the power of the thought to get itself accepted in the competition of the market, and that truth is the only ground upon which their wishes safely can be carried out." That at any rate is the theory of our Constitution. It is an experiment, as all life is an experiment. To every sincere American, it is an experiment that has been infinitely rewarding.

The good life, some sage said, is inspired by love and guided by knowledge. Hence the good life is crowned by action, action that brings into some measure of realization the vision of goodness and beauty and truth we carry in our mind's eye. The future is now being made—either by men activated by an anti-democratic ideology or by men fired with democratic ideals.

If the future of America is to be assured to democracy, we must take action on all fronts. In the economic sphere, we should guarantee both economic progress and security to the greatest majority of the people.

In the realm of relations among those of different racial, religious, national or cultural origins, we need to demonstrate that democracy is personal, that it comes into being through the day-by-day dealing between man and man. Instead of clinging to group prejudices that shut us off from our fellowmen, we must keep a firm hold on the magnetic chain of humanity. We must open our hearts and our minds and our way of living to individuals of all groups.

By thus broadening the circle of our relations

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with others, we free them and ourselves from being creatures of blind custom and chance circumstances. We become masters, molders of our own life. We enrich it immeasurably by sharing in all of mankind's diverse qualities and gifts.

At the core of our fulfilment of the democratic ideal—set forth so nobly in the Declaration of July 4, 1776—will be the unswerving sense of the value and moral dignity of the individual human being. Group labels must not be permitted to obscure the precious uniqueness of the individual. Neither the past achievements of the group from which each of us may spring nor its place—high or low—in arbitrary scales of social preference should be the measure of our value or our opportunities. To each should be given equal opportunity to prove himself as a man, to be judged as an individual on an equal basis of merit. The variety of our origins in this way becomes an ever greater source of national strength and well-being. By welcoming and orchestrating our rich, human diversities, we shall make our inescapable interdependence a true fellowship, that fellowship of the spirit which is democracy.

Democracy as a form of government is suited only to a devout and disciplined people. In normal times it operates on its own momentum; in times of stress it requires poise, self-restraint and a staunch faith. If you are made of this kind of stuff you will bravely acquit yourselves of the responsibilities of civilized men and women in this changing world of 1945.

Roxana

T. D. LYONS

IN 1913, the great Cushing Field was discovered. The pipelines were unable to handle the oil, and our client, Charlie Page, attracted a good deal of attention by compelling the Standard Oil Company subsidiaries to accept his oil, as a common carrier under the statute of the United States and the "pipeline decisions."

The subsidiaries made the conditions of acceptance of oil somewhat onerous, but J. Edgar Pugh finally arranged the matter so that by making tender of two fifty-five thousand barrel tanks of Cushing crude, on the same day we were able to get the proper credentials for transportation by interstate pipeline.

The tremendous overproduction of oil, however, resulted not only in legislation providing for conservation, but it also broke the price. Fine Cushing crude of forty-two gravity went down to forty cents, as the posted market price per barrel, and oil produced from the riverbeds was sold by the million barrels at as low as twenty cents and eighteen cents per barrel. The producers who had to build fifty-five thousand barrel tanks and make great expenditures to protect the lines by drilling offset wells were compelled to strain their credit at the banks, and it was reported that some of them made forced sales at cut-throat prices.

One day, two suave brokers walked into the office of the Roxana Petroleum Company and told the president that they had a great bargain. He summoned my partner and myself to the office, and before the day was done we had prepared and signed a contract for the purchase of two great oil bearing allotments of one hundred sixty acres each in the Cushing Field, for a price of less than one million dollars each. The allottees were full-blood Creek Indians, and accordingly were classified as "restricted." It was necessary to have the assignments executed on departmental forms to be approved by the Secretary of the Interior. This was done, and the assignments were submitted to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, the Honorable Cato Sells, at Washington, with a favorable report from the Indian Agency at Muskogee. For some reason, however, the approval by the Secretary hung fire and it became my duty to go to Washington to "pep up" the proceedings (as Mr. Page usually referred to efforts to expedite matters before the Indian Bureau). Cato Sells, the United States Indian Commissioner, had been Democratic National Committeeman from Texas, and prior to that time he had been United States District Attorney in the State of Iowa, when my Uncle Dennie Lyons was something of a power there in politics, and I very soon sensed from a few remarks that he made that the approval proceedings had completely bogged down and that, indeed, there was grave doubt of our securing approval by the Secretary of the Interior within the time limit fixed by the contract.

A New York banker whom I encountered at the Willard had given me a box of Corona cigars, which ordinarily retailed at one dollar apiece. I stuck a half dozen in my coat pocket, and at my next interview with the Indian Commissioner, I took two of them and laid them on his desk in front of him. He picked them up and handed them back, saying that he had given up the weed.

"Why," I said, "Mr. Commissioner, you have not permitted some medical practitioner to impose on you, have you? You certainly know by this time the limitations of doctors, and that when they are stumped on a case, they always advise the patient to quit drinking or smoking, or stop drinking coffee."

Commissioner Sells, however, did not respond to this attempt at humor, but replied very gravely, "Judge, when I assumed this high office, I felt that it was my duty to give an example to the youth of our land," and he proceeded to deliver a very compact little homily on the power of

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example, and how much greater it was than the power of precept. I did not indulge in any indecorous mirth, but I said, "Mr. Commissioner, applying your homily to my troubles, I wish that you would demonstrate the power of example to me, since I know that it would be inappropriate for you to deliver a precept to me on how to get out of my troubles, *re* this approval." The Commissioner then demonstrated that he was still a pretty good scout, even if he had quit smoking. He took me by the arm to a window, pointed toward the White House, and grasped my hand as a signal of farewell.

I immediately went to the office of a distinguished United States Senator, whom I had supported vigorously at the Democratic State Convention of 1912. He had powerful opposition in the Democratic Primary, but was successful in being renominated and reelected. I gave him a brief survey of the matter, and he very concisely suggested that he thought that the old principle of determinism suggested by Goethe in his "Essay on Nature" might apply. "In other words," said the Senator, "where you see an effect, you are usually justified in assuming that there is a cause. Things do not happen by chance. Someone is doing something to prevent the approval of your assignments and it is, of course, barely possible that it is some oil group which does not desire the competition of your clients. However, I am an enrolled Indian myself, and I want to see my tribesmen of the Five Civilized Tribes get the high dollar for their patrimonial estate. I have an invitation to take lunch with the President of the United States, today, or at least I will have in the next five minutes, and wonder if you would like to accompany me."

I said, "Of course, this would be an honor beyond my merits and deserts, but I would accept."

We had a very delightful time with the President at the luncheon table. An Oklahoma Congressman who deeply resented the President's support of certain legislation complained to the President that the new law encroached on states' rights. He finally said in a very high voice, audible for half a block, "Mr. President, don't you think that if that trend of legislation is continued, eventually the states of the Union will be just like little country townships? They can't even hire a school-teacher without applying to Washington." President Wilson waited a moment and answered in a very suave tone, but with a slight note of irony, "No, Mr. Congressman, I don't think so. I don't believe there's any danger that the day will ever come in the United States when a country school-teacher can't be hired without an application to Washington. I know that I shall resist any such attempt, with all my power."

There was a considerable gale of laughter around the table over the exchange between the President and the Congressman. My friend, the Senator, conversed briefly with Mr. Joseph Tumulty, and when the luncheon was over the President received the Senator and myself in his office. The Senator made a wonderful presentation of the matter and stated that there could be no objection to the approval of the assignments on the ground of the alien ownership of stock in the Roxana Petroleum Company. He quoted from memory from the Constitution of the State of Oklahoma, which disclaimed all right and title in lands within the State owned or held by any Indian. He went on very vigorously to say that he was an Indian himself, and that he desired his tribesmen to have the benefit of competition in the disposal of their patrimonial estate. He turned to me and inquired as to the amount of consideration being paid for each of these one hundred sixty acre allotments. I said, "Approximately one million dollars."

"Why," he said, "I had no idea the matter was of such magnitude." Then he made a slightly perceptible signal to me, with his fingers, and I arose and thanked the President for his courtesy and asked leave to withdraw. As I walked toward the exit from the White House outside the President's office the Senator overtook me and he did not hesitate to light one of the Corona cigars which I tendered him. He laughed and said, "I do not believe you will have any further trouble. I did not suggest that the President communicate with a certain high official, but I do suggest that you call the Commisioner of Indian Affairs at an early opportunity."

When I got the Commissioner on the phone, he was jubilant and said, "I have sent the assignments with my approval and recommendation, to the Secretary of the Interior. I am advised that they will be approved and back here by 9:30 in the morning, and if you come by I will waive the ordinary rule which requires us to send them back to the Indian Superintendent at Muskogee, and will deliver them direct to you."

I telegraphed the president of the Roxana immediately, and the next day telegraphed him that I had the assignments and was returning to Tulsa. He was very congratulatory over the matter and said that the London office was highly pleased because of the ruling of the Secretary of the Interior in approving the assignments, because, of course, this created a precedent for the future and determined the policy of the United States in favor of the company's contentions that the alien ownership of the corporate stock did not bar the corporation from the acquisition of Indian lands. The president then said, "Well, they will have a big celebration over this, in London."

In view of the delivery of the assignments to me, the Roxana took immediate possession of the two allotments, and their field superintendent pro-

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ceeded with the drilling operations which had already been initiated to test the Dutcher Sand below the Bartlesville. The Dutcher Sand well came in at 19,000 barrels per day. This, of course, was only flush production and would hold up for only a few days, but none the less it was a pleasant item for the president of the company to telegraph to St. Helen's Court.

A new president of the company had just arrived from The Hague. He had been high in the Netherlands government, but the Oklahoma newspapers had considerable difficulty with his name. He handed us a beautifully engraved card which bore the following inscription, "W. I. A. M. van Waterschoot van der Gracht, President of Roxana Petroleum Company of Oklahoma." He was very affable, spoke English perfectly, as well as many other languages, and had a good sense of humor. He said, "I have just received a long cable from Deterding. They are highly pleased in London over the approval of the assignments and the new Dutcher well. I am sending a cable, today, informing them that the price of Cushing crude has advanced fifteen cents per barrel. When they receive that, there will be a real celebration at the four o'clock tea at St. Helen's Court. It will consist of excellent Barbadoes rum. Each of the directors will spike his tea with a tot of rum and drink a health to the 'S Gravenhage—the Count's hedge."

Communications

THE CHURCH AND THE ISMS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: The main point in Mr. Maguire's first letter on "The Church and the Isms" was his charge that during the period between the two world wars intellectual leaders of the American Catholics erred by concentrating their fire on communism instead of fascism. My reply dealt with that point, and was not concerned with anti-Semitism, real or fancied, in Boston, or with war with Russia, or the "Church as Institution viewpoint." Since these and other points have now been raised the following considerations seem to be in order.

(1) Mr. Maguire's distinction between the "Church as Institution viewpoint as opposed to the Church as principle" does not apply to the American Catholic attitude to nazi Germany and fascist Italy. It is a fact that the struggle between the Church and Hitler did not follow his attack on the Jews. Both began before he became Chancellor, and were carried on simultaneously to the limit of his ability. In Italy the historic duel of Mussolini with Pius XI had passed its peak, but had not been abandoned, long before the fascist attack on the Jews. Moreover in both countries the Catholics did whatever could be done for the Jews without caring whether or not the Jews abroad would return the compliment.

(2) In September, 1941, I opposed the theory, advanced by a small number of unrepresentative Catholics in the columns of THE COMMONWEAL and in other publications, that because of the evil nature and actions of the nazi régime, American Catholics should work for a declaration of war on Germany by America. Applying exactly the same principle to Russia now, I am happy to join Father Brown in opposing war with Russia. I am sure he will understand my amusement at noticing that many who clamored for war, allegedly on moral and religious grounds, before Pearl Harbor, and who denounced as "soft-pedalers of fascism" all who did not join their crusade, are now indifferent to the surrender of millions of non-Russian Christians to the communist dictator, and are sure that we must placate Russia. Perhaps they will revive their once ardent interest in martyred Poland if the Russians appear at Suez. Their sense of justice may be sleeping, not dead.

(3) Whatever may be said of nazi influence in the Latin world, it is a fact that none of those countries has a truly fascist government. The only one in which serious obstacles are placed in the way of Christianity is our gallant ally, Mexico. None of them persecutes the Jews. Moreover, racism was solidly established in this republic for a century before Hitler was born. It is absurd to call the American brand fascism, and it certainly is not of German or Italian origin.

(4) Apart from the essential reason that they consider communism to be a greater evil, and danger, here and abroad, it seems to me that two lesser reasons explain the relative coolness of American Catholics to the anti-fascist crusade. First, there never was any reason to fear that the evils of fascism would be overlooked here, especially after it became anti-British and anti-Jewish. It was denounced incessantly, on a national scale, especially by those least inclined to condemn communism, or to protest against the persecution of the Church in any country except Germany. Second, some of the few Catholics who joined the crusade most actively were neither representative, nor disinterested in their motives. Their indifference to most Catholic causes and their obvious interest in the political rewards, academic preferments, social recognition, and journalistic contacts open to those who would serve forces usually hostile to us were not lost on their fellow Catholics.

(5) Much of the controversy about these issues comes from being too near the events discussed and thinking the great struggle is over. The last acts of the European tragedy have not yet been played. The players who succumbed in the opening acts will not dominate the closing scenes, even though their influence will surely be felt. When the post-war world takes definite shape, some of those who are now impatient of the Church's attitude will have occasion to revise their judgments. They will find that they would have spared themselves much useless and needless anguish if they had profited from the example of those who made the same mistake in the last war. They will find ample scope for their capacity for moral indignation and agitation in a world in which militant atheistic communism, operating on the resources of a

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triumphant Russia, dominates most of the wreckage of Europe, and shows its true colors to the Church, which will not be able to count on much support from the zealous anti-fascist forces that make so much noise in this country today.

THE REV. FLORENCE D. COHALAN.

Northampton, Mass.

TO the Editors: I read your magazine with great interest each week, especially the editorials about Russia. I have just graduated from a very good Catholic school, and the attitude for the most part about Russia is really remarkable. My friends seem to have absolutely no idea of the harm they are doing in speaking of Russia on a par with nazi Germany. All the Catholic papers I happen to see print derogatory statements about Russia—and THE COMMONWEAL is the only magazine (Catholic) that seems to have any sense at all! I should think that anyone with any brains or any feeling would try to avert another war, and yet these people go around telling the world that Russia cannot be trusted. I don't think that the Russians would be any too pleased to hear such statements about themselves, and as it happens to come from the Catholics of America, it will only serve to drive Russia farther away from the Church than she is now.

Certainly Russia is not all we might expect, but then is the United States all we might expect? Certain things in Russia happen to be much more Christian than things in America. If we can't show the world that democracy is the best form of government, then certainly many countries will turn to Russia for help. The Russians have so much that we could learn from them, and we have so much the Russians can learn, that there ought to be mutual give and take, so much so that "the tranquillity of order" may prevail. But no order will prevail if Americans (as they call themselves) keep slandering Russia—a Russia of 1945 and not 1917.

Can't something be done about it? I argue, but it does no good. I guess I can't do much else though. But you can keep up your good work and your fairness toward Russia.

LETTY VAN WINKLE.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editors: From a theological viewpoint the "Church as institution" and "the Church as principle" are not different, since the author, founder and constitutor of the Church, its principle, life, and end is the same: Jesus Christ. Moreover, it is incongruous and untheological to oppose to one another those two aspects of the Church.

If I understand the idea of H. T. Maguire and the others who make such a distinction, their aim is to fight a certain sectarian spirit which is not founded (and must not be founded) on our belonging to the Chuch.

This sectarian spirit springs from a pharisean concept of the righteousness of the Catholic as such; from a temporal idea of the authority of churchmen; from the confusion of the field of the Church with the field of worldly life.

Anti-Semitism, pro-fascism, pro-phalangism, pro-Pétainism, spread among Catholics, are the by-products of such a sectarian spirit; but this does not come from any theory of "the Church as institution."

It seemed to many that through an authoritarian government the Catholic Church could regain the political rôle of former days. Their feelings, however noble, in favor of the Church came from a temporal conception of the Kingdom of God, when they imagined that a Mussolini, a Pétain, a Franco, even a Hitler, could be protectors and defenders of the Church. A new "clericalism" was emerging in Europe, which, to distinguish it from that of the last century, might be called *"ecclesiasticism."* Seeking the support of authoritarian power, national or local churches had to remain indulgent or silent on the means and politico-moral ends which that power sought to actuate. Some of the Catholic press in the past forgave Mussolini everything in return for the Lateran Treaty.

In this country you will not have a Mussolini, a Franco or Pétain; but you have had a record of dishonesty in the public administration of towns and states. Politicians have been linked with gangsterism of all sorts: Chicago, Boston and New York of the past have been famous not only for their importance, but also for the type of administration they had: Tammany is a word recognizable in every language.

Strangely enough, such politicians solicited and often had the support of local Catholic clergymen in return for the favors and gifts received for churches, schools, hospitals. The power and influence of those politicians was shared by local Catholic leaders.

This also I call "Ecclesiasticism," but I object to calling it the "Church as institution."

LUIGI STURZO.

WOMAN'S PLACE . . .

Crickhowell, Wales.

TO the Editors: I have just received your issue of May 4, in which Anne Fremantle makes some observations about Englishwomen, of which the kernel is that they "are the most doormat-treated, the most subject, the most ignored by the males of the species."

Perhaps this is true; perhaps this is not true; I do not know. And I strongly suspect Anne Fremantle does not *know* either. Surely some qualification, such as "It seems to me . . ." or "There is reason to think . . ." (if there is) was called for. As it stands, so icily absolute a statement can only add to what Professor D. W. Brogan has recently called "the vast structure of American illusion about Great Britain."

Some points of fact. The statement that a girl's education costs less than a third of a boy's is meaningless. There is no absolute standard of comparison. If I send my daughter to the local high school and my son to Eton, his education will cost twenty times as much; if I send the girl to Roedean and the boy to "high," the proportion will be reversed too. If I send both to "high" or both to higher, each will cost about the same.

Until lately, you are told, girls' education did not exist. In fact, compulsory state education has existed exactly

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the same time for both boys and girls, viz., since 1870. And there were voluntary schools both for girls and boys before that.

"A girl's allowance still is pin-money." I don't know what "pin-money" means in America, but over here it means a girl's or woman's pocket-money or allowance or "settlement": it may be a dollar a week or $5,000 a year. (See the *Oxford English Dictionary*. "Pin-money" is now an uncommon expression in England.)

Finally, during fifty-two years of life in England, I have *never* heard anyone even hint at commiserating another on the birth of a daughter. "No one congratulates a friend on the birth of a daughter." Where did Anne Fremantle learn this? In China? One Englishwoman's comment was, "She seems to be mixing us up with American Negroes!"

DONALD ATTWATER.

Jamestown, R. I.

TO the Editors: As a British subject by birth, a British subject by marriage, as entirely educated in England and, from 1941 to 1945, a British civil servant, I'm afraid that whatever illusions I may suffer from must be British ones. Indeed, I have no other blood (unless a Scottish mother be accounted a foreigner—as perhaps Dr. Brogan would claim she was) on either side for at least five generations. So I fear that I am both personally and politically sure of my statements, and gladly accept full responsibility for them.

Could Mr. Attwater mention a single instance in which any actual extant English family *had* spent more on their daughter's education than on their son's, it would be more convincing than his "ifs"! For "if wishes were horses, beggars would ride"—or women might get equal money for equal labor, or equal compensation for equal danger or equal injury. Mr. Churchill's government was outvoted only once in its long history, on this very issue of equal pay. The Premier at once made the occasion the moment for a vote of confidence, and the measure was defeated—in this year of grace, 1945.

Commenting on the fact that when a stranger knocked on a cottage door in the middle of the night, the husband sent his wife down to open it, the judge in the first trial of an American Negro in England remarked that Englishwomen were accustomed to very different treatment at the hands of their menfolk from that prevalent in the USA. I laughingly related this anecdote to a young, intelligent and very happily married member of one of England's oldest and greatest families, who, puzzled, replied, "But who on earth did the judge *expect* to open the door?" The extremes of the social scale concurred . . .

As to actual costs. I went to Cheltenham (a far older girls' school than Roedean) and to Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford. My brother and my husband went to Eton. I know exactly what these various institutions are worth, economically and academically. Also, I know that, as a girl, I could neither become a diplomat, to follow in the tradition of my mother's people, nor a banker, to follow in my father's footsteps.

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Nonobstante Mr. Attwater, primogeniture is still generally a fact in England. And, except in the case of certain Scottish peerages, of the royal family (themselves not English) and of one exceptional instance where a militant feminist with an American mother inherited her father's second title, the most important (and by far the most expensive) member of the average English family is the "male heir, lawfully begotten." As to the producing of boys and girls, I don't know a single pair of my contemporaries who have not manfully continued *until* they have produced a son—though some of them have produced as many as five daughters before the required heir brought them rest from their labors!

ANNE FREMANTLE.

The Screen

Fable for Moderns

IT IS so seldom that Hollywood touches today's equivalent of the old morality plays that it is rather refreshing to consider this unpretentious and satisfactory attempt made by Republic Pictures. I don't suppose *"The Cheaters"* will send its audiences running from the theater to reform their lives, but it is likely to make them think and perhaps act a little more kindly toward other people. And what's more it even succeeds in being entertaining as it tells its little allegory. Credit should go to Producer-Director Joseph Kane for his insistence on understatement in the acting and to a good cast, unburdened by glittering, first-magnitude stars inclined to hog the footage and upset the balance of relationships between characters.

The characters in this case are stereotyped, but at least we know pretty well where they stand in our social system, particularly the wealthy Pidgeon family whom we've seen in many previous movies. There are papa (Eugene Pallette) who is definitely over-anxious on the subject of money and who has amassed quite a fortune but is now on the verge of bankruptcy; and mama (Billie Burke) whose light-weight brain hardly furnishes an excuse for her financial extravagances or the way she has spoiled her three children: the selfish eldest daughter (Ruth Terry), a social snob; the ill-mannered son (David Holt), who in financial matters is indeed a chip off the old bank account; and the youngest daughter (Anne Gillis) who has a spark of intelligence which is for the moment smothered under a newly acquired veneer of sophistication. These three should be soundly spanked and sent to bed without their enormous weekly allowances.

At the picture's beginning, a few days before Christmas, the Pidgeons are sitting around their far-from-cozy Fifth Avenue mansion waiting for an uncle to die in the West and leave them his five millions. Their restlessness is not soothed by the presence of Mr. M, a charity case whom the Pidgeons are entertaining for the holidays—not out of the goodness of their hearts but because the eldest daughter wants to impress her fiancé from Boston, whose family always takes a charity case at Christmas. Mr. M is not the man's real name, of course; that was how he was listed in the newspaper when the Pidgeons selected him. He is really a once-famous actor, now a little gone to seed and frequently influenced by drink. As expertly played by Joseph Schildkraut, Mr. M suggests John Barrymore in his later years. Mrs. Pidgeon's brother (Raymond Walburn), who had sponged on the family for some time, is the only one who cares for Mr. M, but then he shares the actor's fondness for liquor.

A bombshell drops on the unhappy Pidgeons when they learn that their dead uncle left his millions to an unknown actress who pleased him some twenty years ago with her performance as Little Eva. If she is not found in a week, the money goes to the Pidgeons. With the help of Mr. M, the Pidgeons find the girl (Ona Munson) who is now down-at-the-heels; they tell her she is a long-lost cousin, invite her for the holidays, and then whisk her off to the country so she won't see the newspapers.

The spell that comes over this group as they spend Christmas in the country changes their whole lives. Because the ill-treated servants walk out, the Pidgeons and their guests have to do the work; and during the course of this new experience, without the artificialities of their home life and moneyed background, and under the guidance of the actor and actress, each member of the family sees himself and the others as they are. These scenes, because of the unostentatious staging of Director Kane and the simple writing of Frances Hyland, have a strange touching quality that rings with sincerity. I could have done without the sentimental sequence on Christmas eve when the boys' choir sings "Silent Night" outside the Pidgeons' living room. But this is more than offset by Schildkraut's forceful recital of the encounter between Scrooge and Marley's Ghost. Mr. Pidgeon and his family are deeply stirred as they realize the parallel in the story of Scrooge's loneliness and their own self-centered meanness. It is the actress who startles them with her confession that she realizes her imposition because she couldn't possibly be their cousin. So then they tell her of their unscrupulous conniving.

While "The Cheaters" won't go down in motion picture history as a movie of philosophical depth it does deserve a badge of merit for its nice telling of an unusual story. Fortunately it has sense enough to stop at its end without running on and on and showing the reformed Pidgeons going in for large-scale philanthropy. Audiences who are afraid of a picture with a moral can find other virtues in this minor movie: its good acting, its cooling wintry sets, and its bright touches of humor, the best of which shows 300-pound Pallette leaving the breakfast table in a rage and unconsciously imitating Schildkraut's limp as he strides up the palatial marble hall.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

The Labor Movement

The Comrades Have a Crisis

IN READING about the present ruckus among American Communists, as treated by the daily press and much of the Catholic press, you get the impression that the whole business is very simple. One day the comrades

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are rushing along on the Browder line. Suddenly Uncle Joe, speaking with a French accent, calls a halt, kicks out Browder, puts in Foster, cracks the whip, and off they all go at a gallop in the opposite direction, with perfect obedience and the usual enthusiasm.

Of course the Uncle Joe part is undoubtedly true, in the sense that the comrades do what Moscow wants. It is only necessary to point out that the vote at the June meeting of the National Committee of the Communist Political Association was 53 to 1 to repudiate the old line, Browder being the 1. And yet of those same 53 votes, only Foster dared (and that not publicly) to oppose Browder at the time the Party was dissolved in May, 1944, or at any time since then. It is simply not human nature that so many slavish disciples should so unanimously forsake the master unless it were quite clear that the hand of Allah had been removed and placed upon another man.

What is misleading about the popular picture, however, is the idea that this change in line and leadership is really as unanimous and unquestioned as the official votes would indicate. For nothing could be further from the truth. Part of the price of making any man a demi-god is the confusion and dismay that follows when the deity is destroyed. And every time the demi-gods fall it becomes more difficult to set up a new one who will inspire the same devotion and the same obedience.

The truth is that the American Communists are going through the worst crisis since Jay Lovestone was cut down for a somewhat similar heresy back in 1929. The evidence is open to all. It appeared every day in the *Daily Worker* on the two pages (four pages on Sunday) devoted to discussion by CP members and leaders, from the time the Duclos article first exploded several months ago up to the national convention last week.

This discussion is most revealing. Probably for the first time in the history of the American Party the veil was torn asunder and all the secret squabbles and struggles for power exposed to the public. The discussion included not only letters and articles, but also important speeches by Browder, Foster and others at closed meetings of the National Board and National Committee. Foster controlled, and doubtless edited, the contributions, but it is a testimony to Browder's continuing strength that nearly every day one or more members defended some aspect of his position. And only recently, at the request of "a number of Communist clubs" nearly three and a half pages were devoted to a reprint of his defense before the National Committee. (In which he accused his opponents of being Trotskyites!)

Although Foster shows that he realizes the delicacy of the problem of swinging Browder's following onto his own bandwagon, he is certainly using no kid gloves on the former *fuehrer* himself. In his own remarks to the Committee he flatly accused Browder of treachery: "Comrade Browder not only dissolved the Communist Party, but he was also prepared, if he could do so, to liquidate the Communist Political Association and to give up even our Communist ideology." And it is only a few months back that Comrades Foster and Browder were photographed shaking hands and beaming at each other at Foster's sixtieth birthday party.

Later in the same speech he says: "A second, and very decisive reason for our party's falling victim to Comrade Browder's revisionism was the lack of political discussion and democracy in the party. During the past several years we have allowed ourselves to depart widely from the principles of democratic centralism. Browder has been conceded altogether excessive authority—to such an extent, in fact, that his word virtually became law in the party. He was in the habit of simply laying down the policy, and few ventured to dispute his arbitrary pronouncements. Under such conditions democratic discussion, self-criticism and collective leadership became almost extinct in the top committees of our party. Besides this, the party leaders and members poured out upon Browder an impermissible deluge of adulation and super-praise which placed him almost beyond the realm of our criticism."

This attack upon the Browder régime for being "undemocratic" is a constant refrain in the discussion. Five other Board members testified that Browder not only had the last and final word, but that he also announced "new basic policy" without even consulting the Board. A Committee member declared that the June meeting of that body was the first one at which he had ever "dared to speak freely without fear of being slapped down."

It's curious isn't it? It appears that American communists just can't reconcile themselves to the fact that when they enter the Party they check at the door everything but blind obedience to the mind and will of Stalin and the man whom Stalin has seen fit to place over them. In a way this is encouraging. It shows they are not wholly lost. It shows too that the ridiculous propaganda about communist "democracy" is actually a two-edged sword.

When Uncle Joe says that "the Soviet Constitution is the most democratic in the world," he is speaking in a language all his own in a country that has never known the meaning of the word. But American, or French or British comrades have actually seen democracy in action, have actually enjoyed its fruits, and with all its sour imperfections, they know that the taste is sweet to the mouth.

And so the party bosses dream up phrases like "democratic centralism." Wonderful, meaningless, revealing phrase! It sums up so perfectly the old problem, as old as the Pharaohs—how to make dictatorship palatable to the suffering multitude. The problem remains unsolved.

Meanwhile, it will be interesting to see how William Z. Foster reacts to the "deluge of adulation" that is already beginning to fall upon him and to the "excessive authority" that has been placed upon his shoulders by that man in the Kremlin. He has already accused Browder of treachery and warned him that "factionalism will not be tolerated." Note how the jaw-line hardens and the rasping, metallic tone appears in the voice.

It's really a wonder that the Communists have gone so far on so little. So little, that is, but enthusiasm and hard work.

★

Another important exhibit in the *Daily Worker* discussion is the report of John Williamson, CPA secretary. He reveals that the percentage of comrades who are also trade unionists dropped during 1945 for the first time in six years, from 52 to 47 percent. Since total membership remained about the same, around 80,000, this means a definite loss in the labor movement. He also complains "that today we only have 316 coal miners, although ten years ago we had several times that many; or that we only have 1,427 steel workers and 840 marine workers."

Before anyone starts to feel good, however, it should

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be pointed out that with those "840 marine workers" the CP controls four CIO unions—seamen, longshoremen, fishermen and marine cooks—with a combined membership of about 125,000. It should also be pointed out that during the CPA régime the commies gained ground in the shipbuilding workers, CIO, and in the machinists and painters, AFL.

On the other hand, they did lose more important ground to the Reuther faction in the United Auto Workers, and they lost not only ground, but the whole blamed union, when the CIO executive board voted recently that the farm equipment workers should amalgamate with the UAW. This means the loss of their fifth largest union in the CIO, an organization of about 60,000 members.

In the long run, however, and provided Foster can weather the present storm, the chances are that CP strength may well increase in the labor movement. Unlike his predecessor, Foster was once an important labor leader in his own right, leader of the famous steel strike of 1919. He is more interested in the unions than Browder was, and knows far more about them. The change in emphasis is already apparent in the *Daily Worker,* which is now giving much more space to labor news. And Foster has decided to renew open CP organization on the shop and union level. This means trouble ahead.

★

One of the crazy ideas that Browder eliminated in his effort to Americanize communism was the weird notion that the Negroes of "the Black Belt" should be encouraged to form their own Soviet Republic and even secede from the US, if they so desired. Now this phantasy has been revived by Benjamin Davis, Negro CP Councilman of New York, who, in connection with next fall's city election, for a few days enjoyed the endorsement of Tammany in what has suddenly become the maddest of all possible worlds.

Dealer in Diamonds and Rhinestones

J. F. POWERS

MR. PEGLER, on hearing of Scott Fitzgerald's death in 1941, said it "recalls memories of a queer bunch of undisciplined and self-indulgent brats who were determined not to pull their weight in the boat and wanted the world to drop everything and sit down and bawl with them." A lot of people of the type known as good felt that way about Fitzgerald and Wescott and Cummings and Hemingway and some more. Going over there to Europe just to hell around with foreigners had something to do with it.

The success of Fitzgerald's novels, especially "The Great Gatsby," enabled him to stay out of this country during most of the twenties. In the thirties he disappeared into darkest Hollywood and the old Fitzgerald prose was thereby believed to be forever extinct. Immediately he and it enjoyed a series of requiems at the hands of their critics.

Fitzgerald's regular contributions to *Esquire,* which was then a magazine to be read, did little to alter the general idea that the artist in him had perished among the producers. Fitzgerald was dead. Then, five years later, at 44, he did die, for sure. Fitzgerald was dead again. And then "The Last Tycoon" was published and everybody found out what he had been trying to do in Hollywood, besides make money, that he had been living all the time and that this book, though unfinished, contained more of his best writing than anything he had ever done and Fitzgerald's best had always been the best there was.

Of Fitzgerald now it could be said that's all there is, there ain't no more. But Edmund Wilson and New Directions* have found and assembled more: at least one unpublished piece, "My Lost City," and a goodly selection of highly readable notes and letters. Also correspondence from Gertrude Stein, Edith Wharton, T. S. Eliot, Thomas Wolfe and John Dos Passos. And essays and poems about Fitzgerald by Paul Rosenfeld, Glenway Wescott, Dos Passos, John Peale Bishop and Wilson.

★

With the publication of "This Side of Paradise," Fitzgerald at 23 became the well-loved soul and conscience of the generation later to be lost. It was the peculiar quality of his criticism (a sinner among sinners gaily accusing himself and them) that it did not offend. Lewis, Dreiser and Mencken did offend. They called names and dished out stiff penances. Fitzgerald said, in effect, we're all in this together, only some of us have better bottle-openers.

As Fitzgerald matured—"It is in the thirties that we want friends. In the forties we know they won't save us any more than love did"—he discovered the prom room of his early dreams to be strangely empty of other people, a few only remaining and not to dance: his wife, his daughter, Wilson, Bishop and, sitting out on the verandah, Hemingway, Dos Passos, Wolfe and others, the writing brethren. He says it all in "My Lost City," written in 1932, a last good-bye to his dear, dying New York, to the days when Wilson and he were Tom and Huck out of Princeton and Manhattan was their raft. The notebooks are full of nostalgia and looking backwards. The letters, which show the way he took from the past to the present, are dead serious, witty, and, from the days in St. Paul when he had time and youth enough to copy down a friend's latest poem until he was established in Hollywood with "not even time to be bitter," are touched with a wonderful kind of nonsense—the sort of thing he loved to make up about people, e.g., "Thomas Wolfe or 'Loup' (*Anthony Adverse, Time and the River, N. Y. Telephone Directory,* 1935) is a newcomer to American Skulduggery. Born during a premium contest."

Reading "The Crack-up," with these letters, his notes, and the letters and essays of his friends and contemporaries about him, is like reading the log of a good ship gone down at sea and hearing also what all the passengers had to say about it.

From St. Paul, 1922: "I have written two wonderful

*The Crack-up. F. Scott Fitzgerald. Edited by Edmund Wilson. New Directions. $3.50.

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stories & get letters of praise from six editors with the addenda that 'our readers, however, would be offended.' . . . I am bored as hell out here. The baby is well—we dazzle her exquisite eyes with gold pieces in the hopes that she'll marry a millionaire." For all the disgust he grew to feel for money and those who had too much of it (though it was more a matter of taste than economics for Fitzgerald—*vide* Chapter 2 of "Gatsby" for Vulgarity Americana laid bare), he still did not go all the way. He was speaking to this daughter of marriage when he wrote in 1940: "I have always hoped that life would throw you among lawyers or men who were going into politics or big time journalism. They lead rather larger lives." Earlier he wrote: "If I come up and find you gone Park Avenue, you will have to explain me away as a Georgia cracker or a Chicago killer. God help Park Avenue." It is a nice distinction, considering what Fitzgerald was after, to divorce Park Avenue from big time journalism, but that is what Fitzgerald was always doing and that is the measure of his confusion.

From Capri, 1925, and drunk again: "I will now have two copies of Wescott's 'Apple' as in despair I ordered one—a regular orchard. I shall give one to Brooks whom I like. Do you know Brooks? He's just a fellow here . . . Excuse the delay. I have been working on the envelope. . . . That was a caller. His name was Musselini [*sic*], I think, and he says he is in politics here." Which is about the way Fitzgerald felt about people in politics, including the comrades in California, except that later he was not so indifferent to the new order of things, writing in 1940: "You can neither cut through, nor challenge nor beat the fact that there is an organized movement over the world before which you and I as individuals are less than dust."

From Delaware, 1928: "All is prepared for February 25th. The stomach pumps are polished and set out in rows. . . . Please don't say you can't come the 25th but would like to come the 29th . We never receive people the 29th. It is the anniversary of the 2nd Council of Nicea."

★

When Fitzgerald discovered the Jazz Age with his novels he did not so much people them with characters as with aspects of himself. With the money ($30) he received for his first published story he bought—for her, a magenta feather fan; for him, white flannels. A few years later, when he was getting $2,000 a story, he bought more of the same, plus scenery. For almost as long as he wrote he was one of his early subjects with at least half of himself. Between him and them an involuntary osmosis persisted that had nothing at all to do with art, with the writer becoming one with his characters for the sake of really knowing about them.

Fitzgerald was too often helpless before the world. Sometimes he knew it. Sometimes he didn't care. At the last it was his greatest regret. "What little I've accomplished has been by the most laborious and uphill work, and I wish now I'd *never* relaxed or looked back—but said at the end of 'The Great Gatsby': 'I've found my line—from now on this comes first. This is my imme-

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diate duty—without this I am nothing.' " In this context it is terribly clear why he was so fascinated by the line from a Shakespeare sonnet: "Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds." It was a sermon he was always reading to himself. Hence his sympathy for Ring Lardner, whose dilemma was roughly the same, but who got much less of himself on paper.

Fitzgerald's Catholicism, which in 1920 he wrote "was scarcely more than a memory," must have been the congenital dandelion and hollyhock variety which abounds in the better neighborhoods. One story* he wrote on a conceivably Catholic subject, "Absolution," is good enough. Its priest could be as authentic as any one of a hundred different kinds of priest, but it is significant that this particular one had quite a feeling for blonde girls (*vide* many pleasant references to same in Fitzgerald's note-books and other writing) and had a ceaseless hankering for the other life, meaning pop corn and peanuts and ferris-wheels, which for a priest in the Dakotas, trust Fitzgerald, comes to about the same thing as the author getting his in New York and Paris.

Fitzgerald, as writer, wanted above all, he said, to achieve a wise and tragic sense of life. There are places enough in his books where he seems to do this beautifully and so it does not sound funny or whimsical when he jots down: "My sometimes reading my own books for advice. How much I know sometimes—how little at others." But the conclusion which forces itself out is that he was finally less wise than tragic. It is probably not possible for a writer to be as wise as he was tragic. Only saints come that size.

It was his boast or gibe ("The Crack-up") that he had "learned to detect where the milk is watered, and the sugar sanded, the rhinestone passed for diamond and the stucco for stone" and that he had developed a voice and a smile to go with this sad knowledge and could say: "I have now at last become a writer only . . . It is not a matter of levity. If you are young and you should write asking to see me and learn how to be a sombre literary man writing pieces upon the state of emotional exhaustion that often overtakes writers in their prime—if you should be so young and fatuous as to do this, I would not do so much as acknowledge your letter, unless you were related to someone very rich and important indeed. And if you were dying of starvation outside my window, I would go out quickly and give you the smile and the voice (if no longer the hand) and stick around till somebody raised a nickel to phone for the ambulance, that is if I thought there would be any copy in it for me."

There is no evidence that he was ever able to practice any of this and there is the case of the youth from afar who came to his door at three in the morning and was let in for the conversation he thirsted for. But it is true that for this question, which he asked himself, there was for Scott Fitzgerald, as for all the sad young men he created, no real answer—

You are the salt of the earth. But if the salt lose its savor, wherewith shall it be salted?

*The only one, I believe.

More Books of the Week

The Springfield Plan. Alexander Alland and James Waterman Wise. Viking. $2.50.

SPRINGFIELD, Massachusetts, is spiritually a survival of the Puritans who settled New England, but its dynamic school superintendent "born in Iowa of Norwegian descent" has endeavored to sing a measure of democracy into this remaining legend of Puritanism. Ironically, the degree to which the Springfield Plan will bear fruit might be more evident, say, in Portland, Oregon, where it is being discussed widely, than at home; and the influence of this book might do more to spread the plan than any local factor.

Only about 30 percent of Springfield is of Puritan descent; the rest being descended from slaves and freedmen fleeing oppression in Europe, Africa, and the United States. The usages to which these words are too frequently put might indicate that Springfield is made up of Puritans and Negroes. Not at all; the number of Negroes is still negligible. The peoples gathered there represent Irish and Polish Catholics in large numbers, as well as French Canadians and Italians and a Jewish merchant class. "These men and women, some of whom were brought as slaves and some who came to escape slavery, now reckon *the Puritan* as one of their own forebears, a potent though no longer the sole influence on a nation whose unique greatness is its many peoples and faiths and cultures—living together as equals."

The authors declare that Dr. Granrud disclaims credit, "insisting that his associates have done it all." Well, that is as it should be, especially if the influence spreads and can become something greater than a name. It seems to be the plan to teach social responsibility, "and this responsibility is stressed by bestowing it."

To Americans who recall their missionary school training—and a lot of us grew up that way—the idea of stressing democracy by bestowing it rings of revolution, if not anarchy, with lots of bomb throwing to boot! Children in the Springfield schools might show an earnestness about the Milk Bottle Committee, and the like, which "may appear in comic contrast to the object of their attention" but a sense of membership and function "can prove more effective than a dozen lectures on education for citizenship." So, from the earliest grades the students are taught a sense of responsibility for the protection of public property and not that alone, because a committee on Junior Red Cross and Safety points to life and health.

In a world of race hatred, it is well that the plan "takes cognizance of the fact that children tend to grow aware of differences among themselves, and between themselves and the children of other classes, schools, neighborhoods. This awareness of difference need not, however, give rise to antagonism or even aloofness. It can be turned into constructive democratic channels instead."

The varied national origins of the peoples of Springfield are traced. By the use of national art, music and folklore, and making use of what one can appreciate by hearing and seeing: "Thus, one class arranged an exhibit of heirlooms to which each pupil brought some contribution from his home. A samovar from Russia, a piece of old Irish lace, a colonial candle mold, a Jewish prayer shawl were ranged side by side, while the children told as much as they had been able to garner of their precious

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histories." And: "Programs played by high school orchestras are arranged so as to demonstrate the different musical contributions of varied nationalities and races."

As for the so-called "common-sense" and inherent race prejudices of the human race we read this very significant paragraph and pass it on to those who are hampered in their work by clichés, and tend to categorize human abilities: "The indifference of children to differences in race or color, unless these are forcibly brought to attention," is attested by the fact that "some parents were surprised to learn that this teacher was a Negro. So unimportant had that fact seemed to the children, almost all of whom were white, that at home they had merely said they liked their arithmetic teacher, without mentioning the fact that she happened to be colored.

"Similar acceptance of Irish, French, Jewish and Polish teachers by classes which are predominantly of other national backgrounds, has become axiomatic through the Springfield schools. The over-all program, which accentuates personal worth and eliminates spurious judgments along racial and religious lines, has made this not only possible, but inevitable." The sceptics will want to know the pay-off! Here is the pay-off: "The resulting unconscious reeducation of parents by children is not the least of the benefits to be derived in the process of learning to live together as equals."

In the matter of religion, and here is where the ancient Protestant in stone who stands at the entrance to the public library in Springfield must have quaked: "Children visited the various religious institutions of Springfield. They studied the objects and ceremonies which are part of the observances in Protestant, Catholic, Jewish and other services. They discovered the profound underlying unity between all faiths, based on the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. . . ."

The parochial schools are not directly a part of the plan, the authors state, but "there is a noticeable interaction" that is favorable. The book includes the picture of a class of Catholic boys—at least, boys in a Catholic school—under the apparently stern but friendly tutelage of a nun with strong character written over her face. Her pointer is directed to "The second Great Commandment of God: Thou Shalt Love Thy Neighbor as Thyself." It is felt that there is less anti-Semitism manifested among "gangs" in Springfield than in most of New England.

The approach of the Springfield-Plan people to the Negro question seems to be sound, and surpasses both the conservative, submissive stuff stemming out of most of the church groups, and the empty bawlings of the left-wing coordinating committees that have flooded the land with the glorious self-appraisals for the past twenty years. Of course, merely for the Negro girl to play at work in the school room while her white class-mates alone can find work in the department stores, or drive the cars and busses, will be bitter medicine to these kids ten years from now.

There is no way to tell yet what progress the plan will have with the bond salesmen who have taken over personnel work during the war, nor what if any progress the plan can have without Negro initiative in diverting more and more Negroes from a red-cap existence in New England and Northwestern towns. These are harsh words and will cut deep into the background of a lot of us. Still, the solutions that will come up periodically for the Negro question are meaningless unless there is a

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general stimulation to our economy to provide more and more jobs with good pay and no stigma for the educated youth of this highly-schooled, albeit poorly-educated land of ours.

We must not omit a brave bit of writing and photography that appears on page 120 (incidentally, the photography is excellent and worth the price of the book) where, without any appearance of Tobacco-Roading whites or Black-Boyish Negroes, two couples, one Negro and the other white, have met at coffee and cookies, perhaps—who knows, it might be the coffee after dinner—and seem to be adjusted, integrated, coordinated, just plain happy. This is what the country needs. Without it we will get more and more Negro race radicals and white narrow-mindedness fit for disaster. Apparently, there was no Freudian implication in this picture. "They happen to be friends. . . . It is the conviction of those who have already learned to live together as equals. . . ."

GEORGE STREATOR.

Raw Material. Oliver La Farge. Houghton. $3.00.

OLIVER LA FARGE has written a disquieting book, which either he or his publishers have chosen to subtitle "the autobiographical examination of an artist's journey into maturity." If the publishers are responsible, then they have been infected by the tone of Mr. La Farge's conceit; if the author himself is responsible, then his subtitle as much as his book is an extraordinary giveaway. It is a giveaway in the sense that it explains why people have not liked him, but at the same time it is a giveaway in a good sense, in that it shows how those who have not liked him were more wrong than right in their judgment.

For there are long stretches in "Raw Material" which are writing of really extraordinary quality. His description of the kathartic effects of sports—his specialties were the high jump, football and rowing, though because of his weight and size he could not star at either of the latter—is as good as anything of the sort I have ever read. Particularly is this true of rowing. His account of the scientific spirit and process, and of how he was initiated into it, must be terribly moving to anyone who has ever had any slight inkling of the same experience. His chapters on Indians have a simplicity and directness and honesty matched nowhere, so far as I can tell, in writing on this subject. His tribute to the wives of artists is both just and deserved. Many of his casual analyses of emotion and growth are so true that they catch you up short. And if one can say all this in truthful praise of a slim volume little over 200 pages in length, one is praising it indeed.

Yet running through the whole book, protruding itself somewhat as a mischievous small girl protrudes her tongue in order to attract attention, is the incredible *leitmotif* of Groton and of how miserable La Farge was at Groton and of how wonderful it is that he has outgrown both that dreadful Groton and the even more dreadful nickname bestowed on him at Groton by a young professional tormentor. The nickname, by the way, was Bop. Yet La Farge is honest enough to say frankly: "Quite likely Groton was not an instrument, but merely the setting of my troubles." Undoubtedly he is right. The difficulty is that he simply hasn't persuaded himself of the truth of this perfectly sound observation. And so we get passages of such incredible inverted snobbery as the following: "It was a great disadvantage to an artist to be born a La Farge and have gone to Groton. Counting in a great-grandfather who painted miniatures, I was of the fourth unbroken generation of artists, and they had all been gentlemen." Apart from the fact that in one particular this statement is not precisely correct, it does serve as a key to what bothers Mr. La Farge. He is really very pleased about his heritage and very pleased about Groton and very pleased that he was miserable at Groton. If this were not the case, he would, during the first two or three or at most four years of college, have rid his system of all the heartaches which any sensitive boy suffers in any boarding school. But it was not until 1936, twelve years after he had received his bachelor's degree, that he could get himself even to utter out loud to another person that hideous nickname. And now, because it is fashionable to assume that Groton is an experience which must be outlived—as, in a certain sense, is indeed every secondary school—Mr. La Farge does a beautiful job of wearing this ancient heart upon his sleeve—for all the critics to applaud.

So one leaves his book with a mixture of extraordinary pleasure in really distinguished writing, with a feeling of honest gratitude because one has been enriched generously from his store of riches, and yet with deep regret not only over the nonsense about Groton but over the incredible naïveté and bathos which can lead a man in his early forties to end his autobiography with the following three sentences: "I've had many lucky breaks in my life. Of these, next to being accepted by my wife, this is the biggest of all. I have fallen in love with a bomber; quite literally, a new world has been opened to me."

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

Home to India. Santha Rama Rau. Harper. $2.50.

MISS RAU, aged 22, a graduate of Wellesley, has written what is not only a truly remarkable autobiography, but is a real contribution to the perennial "Indian problem." Rarely is anyone of Miss Rau's age so polite, so grown-up, so entirely civilized—she makes one understand why Brahmins are supposed to be "twice-born" for it certainly takes most human beings all of an average lifetime to become as serene, as poised, and as goodhumored and gracious as this girl, who, if she is as lovely as her photo, promises to be one of this century's most distinguished women. She left India at six, and returned at sixteen, wearing shorts, cigarette and lipstick conscious to all appearances, a Westerner. After two years at home, she came to America to equip herself to be a better Indian, to learn how to serve and to save her country.

This little book, delicate and delightful, is the story of her conversation. She sees India with clear, educated, unbitter and unbiased eyes. Probably she will never see quite so clearly again, for this was for her the moment that comes to each one of us, just before he or she falls in love: a moment that seems at the heart of the whirlpool, so still and so eternal does it feel. When she looks again, she will have lost her clarity in her charity and her poise in her pity. But this little volume is valuable for the historian and for the anthropologist, for the ethnologist and for the sociologist; it compares, as an aperçu of a moment in time, with Pliny's letters; it has the same dawn-like unsophistication. Pierre Loti once wrote rather a saccharine novel called "L'Inde sans les Anglais" which had better been named, "Maharajahs and Me"; Miss Rau writes of India at a moment

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of the deepest political tension, as a wise Norwegian might have written of the German occupation as though the British were an unfortunate and temporary accident that had happened to her country, an accident which it is politer to ignore in good company, a hiccup, a wart, perhaps even "B.O."—but nothing that a good lathering will not heal. ANNE FREMANTLE.

Felix Mendelssohn Letters. Edited by G. Selden-Goth. Pantheon. $4.50.

MENDELSSOHN'S life was short—(1809-1847) and I do not know anything at all about his life except what I have gathered from reading this collection of his letters. They are written to his father, to whom he was united by the deepest affection, to other members of his family, to friends, professors and to the great Goethe. Mendelssohn did not have to worry about money; he traveled a great deal, for his concerts, of course, but also in order to see the world and for his own education. "Il courut le monde et l'admira" with an amazing precision of sensitiveness. He would be in London, and, because London does not change very much, his old fashioned, deliberate and detailed descriptions of the London parks, streets and customs are just what we would remember ourselves of our own first entry into the great city. He would be in Rome for Holy Week and, because Rome also is changeless, we can measure against our own memories his account of the ceremonies in Saint Peter's, in the Lateran, with the procession to the Baptistery and the blessing of the fire, and find his account true and felt exactly. In Rome he was naturally interested in the music and he notes down technical details, but he knows that he is not in a concert hall: ". . . I have listened daily to the Papal Choir. There again it struck me particularly how extraordinary everything is here. They do not sing particularly well, the compositions were poor, the congregation was not devout [Well, you can argue about that—at any rate not in the German or American sense of the word] and yet the whole effect was heavenly. This was only due to the fact that they were singing in the central nave of St. Peter's; the sounds are reflected from above and from every corner, they mingle, die away, and produce the most wonderful music. One chord melts into the other, and what no musician would dare, St. Peter's church achieves." That remark about what no musician would dare is not at all in the tone of the period, 1830, and it is specially interesting coming from a young man instructed in the German respect for the technique of his art. He is amazingly free from pedantism: "nothing is valid except what has sprung from the deepest faith of the innermost soul," and he rejoins effortlessly all that is permanent, the great masters, the great architecture, or the Swiss landscape, or the simplest emotions of friendship, respect, the naïve, the unembarrassed emotions.

He is so agreeably unaffected. In London he sat at the piano and Queen Victoria sang to his accompaniment. Albert and Victoria were leaving for the country; there was a parrot, or some bird, that did not like music so they had to take the bird out of the room before the Queen could sing; the leaf of music fell to the floor and had to be recovered; the Queen sang pleasantly and made a mistake or two. Mendelssohn writes home about the scene in all its details; he is delighted, and what delights us is that there is none of the Strachey twist to the scene; Mendelssohn does not see Victoria as a Victorian; he sees

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her gentle only, and very happy, and about to drive off to the country.

Mendelssohn could draw and do water colors most agreeably and the illustrations in this book are delightful. If it is escape literature, then any of the memories of a quieter past are escape and it would be useless also to know that a man like Mendelssohn could have lived as he did.

C. G. PAULDING.

Short Is The Time. C. Day Lewis. Oxford. $2.25.

IT IS of course impossible to give an adequate appraisal of Day Lewis's poetry in a brief review. He is an essential part of the Spender-Auden-Isherwood complex, although his talent and his achievement are more simple and far less diversified than Auden's. Day Lewis represents, as do his fellows, the reaction of young men confronted by a world in which all was far from well; being artists, they were peculiarly sensitive—still are peculiarly sensitive—to the diseases of that world, and certainly a large part of their effort has been an attempt to probe the infection of our times. Perhaps the most generally satisfying and successful of the poems in this volume is the narrative entitled "The *Nabara.*" It is based upon an episode in the Spanish Civil War when four armed trawlers manned by Basques, in an unequal struggle with a Franco cruiser, displayed the heroic bravery of their crews in an attempt to save the larger vessel they were convoying. Needless to say, the poet's sympathy is with the trawlers. He extraordinarily blends a narrative, which carries the reader along almost effortlessly, with a rhetorical statement of political principles which somehow escapes any of the hollowness of rhetoric. There are many other good things in this volume, which is marred only by a certain fuzziness of metaphor. This fault, however, is merely occasional, however much it may militate against many of these poems being long remembered.

Men at Work. Stuart Chase. Harcourt. $2.00.

MR. CHASE calls his newest offering "Some Democratic Methods for the Power Age," and this is precisely what it is. Perhaps the fact that much of this material was originally prepared for the *Reader's Digest* explains why it often seems over-simple, and even seems to labor the obvious. Yet "Men at Work" is a valuable addition to popular sociological literature, since it makes readily available to any citizen the main outlines of what was discovered regarding personnel management at the Hawthorn Plant of Western Electric, since it tells us of the war-time success of labor-management committees and of the "Training within Industry" plan of the War Manpower Commission. We also find here an account of a successful FSA project and of efforts to prevent a town from becoming a ghost town by the application of organized common sense. The TVA chapter is the least valuable of all.

CONTRIBUTORS

Mr. Justice Frank MURPHY very recently gave the commencement address at Bennington College, Bennington, Vt.; we reproduce it herewith.

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